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17 Jan 1-783

Edward Laurent,
ARCHITECT
No. 22 PUBLIC SQUARE,
NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH
Inserted in Fifteen minutes after nat-
ural ones are extracted, by
R. R. BOURNE,
DENTIST.
HOPKINSVILLE, KY.
Dec. 11

Campbell & Medley
DENTISTS.
Over Jones & Co's. Store.
Main St. Hopkinsville Ky.
Jan 3-85-17

The Mirror
is no flatterer. Would you
make it tell a sweeter tale?
Magnolia Balm is the charm-
er that almost cheats the
looking-glass.

All Sorts of
hurts and many sorts of ails of
man and beast need a cooling
lotion. Mustang Liniment.

Miss Grace L. Golderman was mar-
ried in Louisville Tuesday to Mr. C.
W. Kankelwitz, of Buffalo, N. Y.
The bride wore a dress made from a
silk dress in which her grandmother
was married in 1825.

YOU CAN NOT RUB IT OUT.

In the old Scottish inn met.
A motley group from every land,
Scholar and artist, poet and priest,
And many a traveler brown and tanned,
All playing waiting for the hour,
Chattering in the courtyard,
And yet the drifftalk
A little message came to me.

Cred: "Philip, stop before you write.
Consider well what you're about."
"Father, why should I be so?"
"Because you can not rub it out."
The words fell on my idle ear,
I said to myself: Oh, who would choose
All they have written to remain?

THREE TRICKY THIEVES.

How They Managed to Dupe a
Confiding Jeweler.

Mr. Glister stood at his own shop
door and looked out upon the almost
empty Cathedral Close. Things were
dead just then in Ravenshorpe, as they
always are, except for a few months
during which the Bishop is regularly
resident at the Abbey Hall, and the two
local parishes contribute to make
them brisk, and Mr. Glister seldom had
much else to do in the long off-season
but pursue such limited observations of
the world's life in general as the Close
offered him material for.

Glister & Co., goldsmiths and jewel-
ers, had a London house in Bond Street.
The London manager spoke sometimes
to his clients of "our Ravenshorpe
branch," which was inaccurate. The
London house was only thirty years old,
and had been established by the present
proprietor (Co. had long since faded
out of reality, but the old name of the
firm was retained), who was the third
of the dynasty in Ravenshorpe.

He had personally managed the Lon-
don house, until satisfied of its growing
solidity, and had then returned to his
native town and established himself and
his family in the venerable building of
which his business premises occupied
the lowest story.

He was one of the fine old race of
country tradesmen now fast becoming
extinct—proud of his business and of
the long and unblemished history of the
firm. His manner was marked by a
certain stolid, genial politeness to all
men, unattained by any effort to ape
the grand air of his clients, who respected
him as their forefathers had respected his.

He passed nearly all his time in Ra-
venshorpe, going to London on the oc-
casion of stock taking, and to draw the
handsome profits which, want to swell
his balance at the county bank of which
he was a partner.

Mr. Glister was a warm man. He
looked it with his clear, rich, rosy com-
plexion, lightened by his crisp iron-
gray hair and strips of silvery whisker,
which he proudly boasted crossed by all
the modestly solid watch-chain, and the
handsome diamond ring which was his
solitary vanity in the article of dress.

"Here he is again," said Mr. Glister.
A portly, elderly gentleman in the
dress of a rural dean turned the corner
of the Close and came briskly along a
pavement. From his countenance beamed
forth benevolence and good-will to all
men, and from his gleaming shoes and
his neatly-stocked calves to his jolly
port-wine face and clerical hat, his whole
person seemed one solid smile. As he
passed Mr. Glister he gave him his
cordiality that the jeweler felt emboldened
to salute him with a bow, a courtesy
returned by the reverend gentleman by a
brisk "Good-morning," and a yet
broader smile as he went by.

Fate so ordained it that Mr. Glister,
during the next day or two, was a good
deal of the reverend gentleman. That
same afternoon the generally peaceful
air of the Close was rent by the de-
spairing walls of a very small damsel
over the scattered shreds of an earth-
enware jug, with which she had been
intrusted for the convenience of the
family milk. The child stood above the
ruins in such despair as only infants
of her tender years in dread of an im-
minent beating can know. The child
was pretty, and looked all the prettier
in her innocent affliction, and Mr. Glis-
ter was a tender-hearted man. Al-
though he had taken a step toward the
little one, and his finger and thumb
were groping in the pocket of his port-
waistcoat for the consolatory shilling
which would repair the damage and
dry the mourner's tears, when he saw
that his intention had been foisted.
The self-same rural dean whom Mr.
Glister had that morning saluted was
sneaking the child's grief with words
of cheer and consoling pats on the
child's tumbled golden hair through
which the little damsel's tearful eyes,
already brighter at the sight of the
proffered coin the reverend gentleman
saw, looked up at him with shy
gratitude. A pretty picture, thought
Mr. Glister, bowing again to the rural
dean as their eyes met, whereat the
old cleric nodded with a con-
fused and somewhat shame-faced
aspect, as though embarrassed that his
good deed should have been witnessed.
Next morning saw Mr. Glister again
at his post of observation, and at his
accustomed hour the old cleric was
again despatched upon the pavement.
The jeweler had already begun to feel a
friendly, almost an affectionate interest
in the old gentleman, whose appear-
ance was so inviting, whose voice so
joyful, whose charity so ready and un-
assuming. His attention was so com-
pletely absorbed by the approach of his
new acquaintance that he had no ears
for the quickly approaching step of a
young man advancing in the contrary
direction. The rural dean, who was
opening his lips to reply to Mr. Glis-
ter's morning salute, when the young man
paused precisely opposite the jeweler,
and extending his hand, hailed the old
dignitary as "Uncle." The reverend
gentleman turned with a quick start
and a stumble, which, but for the young

man's restraining hand, would have
brought him to the ground.

"You young villain," panted the old
man, "you'll never be satisfied until
you have been the death of me."

The young fellow expressed affec-
tionate concern for his abruptness, but
his venerable relative was evidently
more shaken by his sudden appearance
than it seemed likely so robust an old
gentleman would have been by so slight
an occurrence. He trembled and leaned
upon his nephew's arm for support, and
was so evidently affected that Mr. Glis-
ter begged him to enter and seat him-
self in the shop until his composure
should return. The offer was accepted,
and the rural dean was bestowed in a
chair. The jeweler made hospitable
offers of wine and of a glass of water,
which were refused, the old gentleman
tapping his mouth upon the region of the
heart, and shaking his head, to indicate
that his malady lay there, and was be-
yond the power of such medicaments
as he proposed. Mr. Glister and his
nephew stood above him with respect-
ful concern.

"You should be more careful, Ed-
ward, my boy—you should be more
careful," he said, presently.
"My dear uncle," said the young
man, "I was never more ashamed in my
life. But you are better now?"
"Yes," said the old gentleman, "I am
better, but I am passing, I am ex-
tremely obliged to you, sir," he turned
to Mr. Glister, "extremely obliged for
your prompt kindness."

Mr. Glister begged him not to men-
tion it.
"But I must," said the rural dean.
"It was extremely good of you."

Mr. Glister was happy to have been
of the slightest service, and deprecated
further speech concerning it.

"And what brought you here?" de-
manded the old gentleman of the
nephew, "to frighten your old uncle,
who thought you were a hundred miles
away, and more?"

"Can't you guess?" asked the young
man, with an embarrassed little laugh.
"He," said the old gentleman, beam-
ingly. He was quite recovered now,
and had got back all his accustomed
good-humor. "Your young dream—ah?
That's it—eh?"

The good old man so enjoyed his lit-
tle joke, and so shook and beamed over
it that Mr. Glister could not himself
refrain from a sympathetic smile. He
looked at the young man and felt some-
what vaguely dissatisfied, for he was
no more a bad-looking youngster, but
he did not look, to the jeweler's eyes,
like a nephew worthy of such an uncle.
His face had none of the geniality which
made the older's countenance so pleas-
ant to look upon. His eyes were shifty,
and young as he was—obviously not
more than eight and twenty—there was
a hinted prophesy of coming gray, fast
at his corners. But he appeared very
fond of his uncle and deeply concerned
at the results of his thoughtlessness.

"You have not seen Maud yet, I sup-
pose?" asked the rural dean.

"No, I was out straight from the
station to call upon you when I met
you."

"And nearly frightened the life out
of me," said the old man, rising from
the chair. "I was just on my way to
see her, and, since we have met, we
will thank Mr. Glister for his very kind
attention, and go together." And ac-
cordingly, after reiterated thanks of the
warmest nature, they left the shop,
and went down the street arm-in-arm
very lovingly together, leaving Mr.
Glister bowing his adieux upon the
step.

His strange face appearing in
Ravenshorpe during the dead season
is pretty certain of remark, and that
same afternoon Mr. Glister, from his
usual eagle of vantage, noticed a
broad-built man in very tight trousers
and tall hat which gave him, in the
jeweler's eyes, the appearance of a sporting
appearance, lounging in an unoccupied
fashion on the other side of the narrow
street which opened into the Close. He
took Mr. Glister's eye at once, so com-
pletely unlike was he to the natives
about him. He rolled a little in his
gait, and he seemed to have a trick
of stroking with the tips of his
fingers a ragged mark or scar, as of
an old wound imperfectly cicatrized,
upon his smoothly-shaven cheek.
Presently he strolled away out of sight
on the other side of the Cathedral, and
Mr. Glister forgot him. The young
gentleman examined, choosing there-
from a collar and pendant, a bracelet
and some rings. He seemed to have
admirable taste, and his ideas of sim-
plicity in matters of jewelry seemed to
Mr. Glister to be of a most aristocratic
elasticity.

He was hesitating between the differ-
ent attractions of a diamond and sap-
phire ring to complete his purchase
when the door opened and his uncle's
entered.

"Ah," he said, cheerily, "you here—
ah? And on the very same errand as
myself, I see. Very good! Very good!
I am, I remarked, examining his
nephew's purchases. "Have you all
you want? Then, if Mr. Glister will
be so good, I should like to see what he
can do for me."

"Now, my dear uncle," said the
young man, imploringly, "be conde-
scending. Maud will be quite con-
tent with these."

"Tut, tut!" said the old man. "Are
you the only person in the world who
can make a pretense to a young lady?
I claim my privilege, sir. We old people
have privileges, though you selfish
young fellows dispute us, and one of
them is to show beance to be nice, as
Mr. Glister professed a second case,
and the old gentleman, generally pos-
sessed his nephew's affectionate re-
monstrances, chose various articles of
such and expensive description. He
went ahead so far, adding article after
article to his selection, that the young
man gave up his objections in a kind of
half content, wholly a concession de-
spair.

"You never will be happy until you
have ruined yourself," he said at last.

"And if I do," said the old gentle-
man, "I know somebody who will find
me a corner to end my days in."

A young man's smile, presided his
uncle's hand. The good old man blew
a sonorous blast upon his nose, and in-
quiring of Mr. Glister the sum for
which he stood indebted to him, pro-
duced a pithy pocket-book and
handed the balance to him, as a
sample which his nephew followed.

time, and there stood the broad-brim-
ed man whom Mr. Glister had noticed
that afternoon, with the tall white hat,
the tight trousers and the scar upon his
cheek.

Mr. Glister's utter amazement the
benevolent, ecstatic, dropped limp
and gasping into a chair.

The young man made a rush for the
door, but the new-comer was too quick
for him. There was a struggle, a tumble,
a sharp metallic "click," and be-
hind the prospective bridegroom, first on
a view of a rural dean tearing and
cursing on the floor with a pair of hand-
cuffs on his wrists.

"Take it easy, sir," said the white-
hat, "it's all right."

Mr. Glister was all abroad, and
stunned and wonder-stricken.

The new-comer was as calm as man
could be.

"Get up," he said to his manacled
captive.

The young man obeyed, and sitting
in a chair at the counter, glared at his
captor.

Inspector Robert, Scotland
Yard, he continued to Mr. Glister.

The rural dean gasped.

"You know me, don't you?" said
Mr. Robert, smiling on him in recog-
nition of his identity. "Come down,
here for a breath of country air. Walk-
ing about in this close, first one
then the other, both together, then
Saw 'em come in here. Had dealings
before with 'em and know their playful
little ways, and so I thought I'd watch
'em out, your reverence!"

The rural dean groaned anew, and de-
posed his little prisoner on the counter.

"Now, you're to the younger man
"Oh, I forgot, you can't; you've got
'em on. Begging your pardon," he
inserted his hand into the bridegroom's
pocket and withdrew the packet of jew-
elry.

"Notes or checks, sir?" he de-
manded of Mr. Glister.

"Notes," said that excellent gentle-
man. His amazement had lasted only
a minute or so, and he had been hur-
riedly examining them during the In-
spector's latter proceedings, "and all
sham."

"Quite so," he said at last, but
with a shade of amusement in his eyes.
"I'll trouble you for 'em, sir. They'll
be wanted at the trial. So will they."

He added, pointing to the little pa-
rrels. "If you'll just make a note of all
there is there, I'll take 'em and give
you a receipt."

Mr. Glister, much shaken by the
events of the last few minutes, set him-
self to this task. Inspector Robert
produced a toothpick, and continued
his conversation with his captive with
the calm playfulness which distinguished
him.

"Didn't expect to see me, Jimmy-
ch?" he demanded of the stricken
cleric. "Bit of a shock, ain't it? Never
mind, old man; you'll get over it in
time, in the quiet and retired retreat
which awaits your declining days. You
can't grumble, you've had a tidy long
run, you know. Was in service your
father, I see you last on business, seven
years' Lord, how time flies!
And Joe, too," he went on, beaming
mildly at the bridegroom. "I've often
thought about Joe, lately. Let's see,
is he your son, or your nephew, or your
young brother, or what's he? I don't
know. That's a rise for you, Jimmy. Why
you was only a stockbroker when I saw
you last. Old lady in Madia Vale, you
know. Mate, you remember, of course.
Very neat it was done, too. You was
always a good workman. I'll say that
for you. That the memorandum, sir?
I see you've got everything down. There
you are." He signed, and hand-
ing back the paper methodically stowed
away the little packets in an inner
pocket. "Ready?" he demanded of
his prisoners. "Off we go, then. You'll
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